August 21
1941

Millennial Star

O, Canada!

Vol. 103, No. 34 Thursday, August 21, 1941

POETRY

THE REVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,-
Saying "Come,
Freemen, Come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But, when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the martial-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant,-come!"

Thus they answered,-hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum
Lo! was dumb.
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

Bret Harte.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

If men were wise, the most arbitrary Princes could not hurt them. If they are not wise, the freest government is compelled to be a tyranny.

—William Blake.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

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If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure upon my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

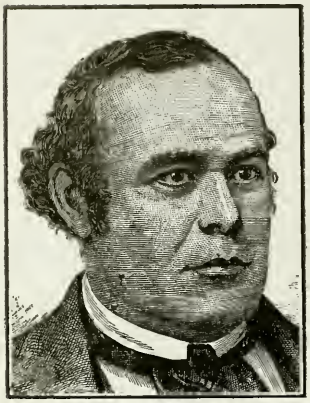
This is typical of that great Dominion overseas of which Britain is justly proud, more so today than ever-because she has so readily answered the call to help this little Island Homeland defend Freedom at all costs.

O, CANADA WE LOVE THEE!

The Shadows Flee

Byy Mary Pratt Parrish

HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO CANADA



Parley P. Pratt

TWO weeks after Parley P. Pratt had returned from a mission to the Lamanites, back in 1831, he was called by the presiding authorities to go on a mission to Canada. He wondered if he should accept in view of the fact that he was heavily in debt, and that his wife, Thankful, was steadily growing weaker from the tuberculosis which she had had for the past six years. At the time of the opening of this story, Parley was sitting before the small grate in his home, perplexed and troubled, with his sick wife lying nearby, speaking weakly:

"Parley, could it be the will of the Lord that you should leave me again so soon? Is it required that you should give your whole life to the up-building of the kingdom?"

"Would that I knew, Thankful," Parley replied. "The winter has been a hard one for both of us—and then we have been separated so much of late. I could not bear it if anything should happen to you while I was away."

Thankful's voice sounded wistful as she said, "It would be nice if we could just live for a while. If you were to stay, we could be out of debt by fall—and then you could go."

Parley's reply was hardly audible: "If only the Lord would manifest His will unto us."

While he was speaking, there was a knock at the door. Parley arose and opened it to greet Heber C. Kimball in company with three or four others. He spoke as he entered. "We have come, Brother Parley, to give you a blessing. We know the difficulties you are having and are mindful of the great work that you have done. We are also mindful of the ill health of your wife, but it is the Lord's will at this time that you should go to Canada and open up that field for missionary work. As you know, Brother Parley, the Lord requires nothing of his servants but He opens the way before them to accomplish His purposes." And so saying, he laid his hands upon the head of Parley P. Pratt and pro phesied as follows:

"Brother Parley, thy wife shall be healed from this hour and shall bear a son, and his name shall be Parley, and he shall be a chosen instrument in the hands of the Lord to inherit the Priesthood and walked in the steps of his father. Arise, therefore, and go forth in the ministry, nothing doubting. Take no thought for your debts or the necessities of life, for the Lord will supply you with abundant means for all things.

Thou shalt go to upper Canada, even to the city of Toronto, and there thou shalt find a people prepared for the fulness of the Gospel and they shall receive thee and thou shalt organize the Church among them, and many shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth and shall be filled with joy."

When he had finished speaking, Brother Kimball took his seat. No one spoke. It seemed for a moment no one breathed. During the blessing no one noticed that Thankful had risen unaided from her bed and now stood upon her feet for the first time in many months. Now the little company gazed upon her with awe and wonderment. The Lord had spoken! Already that which He spake had come to pass, and the words, "Thy wife shall be healed from this hour," became to Parley a sacred assurance that every word that had been pronounced upon his head would be fulfilled.

When they were left alone, Parley said, "Truly, Thankful, the will of the Lord has been made manifest unto us. I will prepare to leave at once for Canada."

"And I," said Thankful softly, "will stay and prepare a welcome for your son. Oh, Parley, do you think that after ten years we could have a son?"

"It was a servant of the Living God who promised it, Thankful, and as you witnessed, it was as if His very presence were in the room. Yes, at last we shall have a son, just as surely as you have been raised from your bed of affliction this night."

In a few days Parley was on his way to Canada.

In Toronto, he encountered great indifference. John Taylor and his wife were kind, but he received little encouragement from them. The clergy absolutely refused him hospitality and denied him any opportunity to preach in any of their houses or congregations. The courthouse and market place were likewise closed to him. Parley thought of Brother Kimball's prophecy, "There thou shalt find a people prepared for the fulness of the Gospel and they shall receive thee and thou shalt organize the church among them." Yet he had exhausted his every power and influence without effect. He sought the Lord in prayer and pleaded with Him to open one effectual door so that his mission in that place might be fulfilled. He then went to the home of John Taylor for the purpose of securing his baggage. While there, a lady by the name of Mrs. Walton entered the house. Mrs. Taylor was soon in conversation with her, and Parley overheard the following:

"Mrs. Walton, there is a gentlemen here from the United States who says the Lord sent him to preach the Gospel, and yet he has applied in vain for an opportunity to fill his mission. He is now preparing to leave; he may be a man of God; I am sorry to have him depart."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Walton, "I now understand my feelings in coming here this morning. I was doing my washing and felt so impressed to leave and visit my sister who lives on the other side of town that I left it half finished. As I passed your

door I felt that I should come in, but I thought I would come in on my way back, and I went on for two blocks and so strong was that impression that I turned around and came back, and now I am glad I did. Tell this gentleman that he has a home at my house as long as he wants to stay there and two large rooms to preach in."

From this small beginning, interest in the Gospel enveloped the whole community—many were baptized and the Church was organized in that part of God's vineyard.

Months passed and Parley's anxiety over the welfare of his wife increased. At last he felt that his mission in that city was complete and he announced that the following week he would leave for home. As he bade his friends goodbye, many bank bills were secretly pressed into his hands, enough in fact to pay completely all of his debts upon returning home.

Thus we find that the prophecy given by Brother Kimball had been literally fulfilled except for the promise of a son, and Thankful, during the weary months of Parley's absence, had been preparing for this event. When Parley arrived he found Thankful almost bedfast; her strength had not increased with the weight of her burden, and as the time drew near Parley was greatly concerned. At last the hour arrived. A son was born. Thankful spoke, "Parley, at last I have given you a son."

"Yes, Thankful, he will be a great comfort to us both."

"To you, Parley. My mission has now been completed."

"Thankful, why do you speak so? Life holds so much for you now, you cannot, you must not give up."

"My wasted body will not permit that I remain. But, Parley, could I hold him in my arms for just a little while? They have been so empty these many years."

Parley took the sleeping child, laid him in the arms of his mother, and then fell in agony to his knees by her cot. "Thy will, O God," he prayed, "not mine be done." New strength seemed to envelop him. He lifted his head. Thankful saw and smiled and motioned for him to take the child. As he did so, he noticed a peaceful calm rest upon the delicate whiteness of her face. For a moment he felt her spirit very near, and almost as if she spoke he heard the words:

"It is the will of the Lord, Parley. May His peace be with you and my son."

"Her son," It was as if new life flowed through his veins. Thankful was not dead.Thankful would never die. Throughout generations to come she would live because of her son. Shadows fled before the brilliant sun that was dawning. Death did not alter their relationship. Thankful would be his throughout the ages. The glory of the everlasting covenant burned into his soul, and peace abode in his heart.

Fraternity

By Elder Harold A. Salway
Of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps

I WAS in England for several months before I found Ravenslea, but having been there once, having once felt the spirit that permeates the Mission Home, it has become a magnet to me. It has brought me into contact with "my people," people who do as I do, think as I do, speak as I do, live as I live. Perhaps I should say, have the same ideals as I have, and since they all have the same ideals as I have, then my being with them helps me to do as they do. Ravenslea is a building entirely unscathed from the devastation so prevalent in London, and it is my firm belief that it will remain so.

As Mormons, we accept the situation that, though we are in the world, we are not altogether of it. We must, in order to fully live up to our ideals, separate ourselves. Life in the army is perhaps an instance where this is not only true, but aggravated by the fact that we are separated from all that made life at home. Friends and human companionships are necessary. The early members of the Church, the parents of most of us who are from Canada, left this and other countries to go to Canada, where they could mingle with persons of their own faith. There are not many Mormons in the army, and there are not many non-Mormons with whom we can be completely and unreservedly companionate. There are many fine chaps among them, persons whom we like very much, and who like us. Generally speaking, we Mormons are liked and respected by our companions in the army, but there is a dividing line; I will cite a personal instance.

There was a fine chap from Vancouver, with whom I had had a number of interesting conversations, who was in every way a congenial companion about the camp and at work. We sought the company of each other, and both felt better for it. We could have gone fishing, hunting, hiking, or done many things together when we were alone, or when we were working. One afternoon we walked together through the town. He felt thirsty and invited me into the bar for a drink. I walked in with him and had a soft drink while he had the usual. I had hoped we would come out and go on our own way together, but the etiquette of the bar does not seem to be that way. I had to excuse myself and go on my way, leaving him to a type of companion with whom he could be completely congenial according to his standards. It is not for me to judge him according to my standards, but to accept him according to his, and in doing so I must accept his friendship at work, but away from camp I go my way, and he his.

We, as Mormons, cannot share completely in the general "barrack-room" conversation. We, like our parents, find ourselves in a situation into which we do not fit. There is no need for us to make life miserable by fighting it, as some are inclined to do, neither do we need to lower our standards to meet those of our companions. This life is a school, army life is a part of that school. The school of life is to teach us to use,

(Continued on page 544)

To My Canadian Comrades

By Elder Ormus Anthony Bates
Of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps

I AM deeply honoured and grateful to have this opportunity of sending a personal greeting and message, through a special edition of this worthy magazine, to all my Latter-day Saint countrymen now serving in England, and especially to those from Sunny Alberta whom I know personally. It will be really fine when we can all meet one another again and exchange a "good ol' slap on the back" Western style.

We usually find that Latter-day Saints the world over are amongst the most hospitable peoples to be found, and those in Great Britain are no exception. They are always glad to see you and to welcome you whenever you meet them, whether it be in Edinburgh, Belfast, London, or any of the other Branches. Indeed, wherever you go, that same spirit of brotherly kindness is always there.

If we will but take advantage of this hospitality, we can make our nearest Latter-day Saint meeting hall a pleasant, homely rendezvous for old friends, as well as a place in which to enjoy the spirit of regular meetings. Of course, being in the Forces often makes it difficult, and sometimes impossible, due to regular guards and other duties, for us to get away on Sundays, in addition to which Sunday transportation is sometimes inconvenient. However, these little problems should not worry us, passes are still obtainable, and as for transportation —we Canadians have a world wide reputation for being able to "get around" the Country.

Come on, Fellows! let's get to our meetings on Sundays, and maintain contact both with each other and with the Church. You can take it from me that everyone concerned will be glad to welcome you. We have been loyal to our Country by answering the call to arms, but whilst thus engaged, let us not forget our still greater obligation of remaining loyal to our Father in Heaven, and of honouring our Priesthood, whatever degree we hold. Remember, it is up to us, as individuals, to maintain a closer relationship between one another, and to contribute to the success of future bigger and better re-unions of old acquaintances, through our Mission Branches.

Great Divide. Looking from British Columbia into Alberta. Mt. Hector in background. Yoho National Park, British Columbia, Canada.

Soldier-Missionary

SEVERAL Canadian Soldiers have found their way to the Mission Office since its establishment under local administration nearly two years ago, and the crunch of the army boot up the path that leads to the Chapel door is now a familiar sound at Sunday service time to the local branch members. There is one of whom I would like to tell you particularly though; I refer to George A. Spencer of the 3rd Royal Canadian Artillery. When his boots strike the drive of the Mission House and he enters its precints, the Bookstore Manager looks up and prepares for business, since it means business for him with a capital " B." It may sound fantastic, but since Brother Spencer came to this Country he has distributed something like a hundred Books of Mormon. I should say that was real Missionary labour, wouldn't you?

I first met him in the "good old days" of nightly "blitz" when the "Millennial Star" Office and Bookstore were housed at Gordon Square. The night was pregnant with the usual air-raid sounds, bombers monotonously droning and guns booming, the whole being punctuated at frequent intervals with the sound of a "whizzer" falling somewhere on the capital. After introducing himself, he requested some books; I was surprised that he should require so many Books of Mormon. He had not known of the existence of a British Mission Bookstore until then and had sent to the Canadian Mission Headquarters for a supply. Well do I remember that first visit, as he does, too, and as we became reminiscent together recently I asked him about himself and how he came to be able to dispose of so many volumes.

George A. Spencer hails from McGrath, Alberta, Canada, being born in that town just forty-one years ago. His parents were called by the Authorities of the Church to go out and help colonise and irrigate the then sparsely populated territory. They arrived in the region with little more than a covered wagon and team, a rifle and two dollars and fifty cents. The rifle is still with the family, a prized possession. Brother Spencer was born shortly after their arrival, the third boy to be born in the growing outpost, McGrath. They had not finished building their dwelling when he entered the world, and he first filled his lungs in the confines of a "dug-out," which is, he tells me, a hole excavated in the earth and roofed over for protection. Truly a Pioneer child! The land was dry and unfruitful and they set about the task of irrigation, upon which the heavens laughed and let fall Nature's nectar, so that it rained practically every day and the settlers wondered why they had come.

At five years of age George could milk a cow, but he did not take any chances, and this to me denotes an early showing of the perseverance characteristic of this soldier today. He told me that he would hook a lasso over the horn of one particular cow and rope her up on one side, then he would get her to step into another lasso with her leg on the opposite side, upon which he would have her good and fast, and the young farm

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The Latter-Day Saints' "Millennial Star"

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1941

EDITORIAL

G. H. Bailey

A. K. Anastasiou

J. R. Cunningham

Greetings Canadians

ON the occasion of the London District Conference, to which have been invited our Canadian Brethren now serving in His Majesty's Forces in this Country, in various Canadian Regiments, we take this opportunity to extend to them our greetings, and give them a word of welcome to our Conference. We greet all our Brothers and Sisters and friends who have to travel long distances ,in some cases, to renew their friendship and association with the body of the Saints of the Church.

This issue of the "Millennial Star" is in honour of Canada, her people, and particularly her soldiers, among whom are approximately one hundred and fifty Latter-Day Saint boys, marching side by side with their fellow countrymen upon the

soil of their Motherland. They have come over here to defend the rights, institutions and priviledges of free peoples.

We look upon Canada, that great dominion, the commonwealth of the British Empire, as a part of the land of Zion. There our Church is established, there our Saints dwell and labour in enriching that Country through toil and sacrifice. Saints who have built a marvellous Temple to God where was before a wilderness. We feel humbly proud of Canada. A number of our British Saints, are looking forward to the day when they, too, may set their feet on the soil of that Great Dominion, and then join the Saints of the Most High in even further establishing this Church and Kingdom.

Our Canadian Brethren over here are a source of great joy to us. They bring with them their faith and courage and, above all, their principles and virtues. We see in them men who, although serving His Majesty, hold the Holy Priesthood of God, men who conduct themselves as gentlemen, refraining from smoking, drinking and other unchristian practices.

The British Saints, and the British public at large, extend to our Canadian Brothers the hand of friendship and of brotherhood. The day is not far distant when we believe that the God of Heaven shall rule the nations of the earth, wherein peace and unity will prevail, wherein personal greed shall no longer be the cause of such suffering and tribulation as we are enduring at the present time.

The Order of Heaven, restored in these the last days through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and extended to all nations, Kindreds, tongues and peoples by the mighty army of the Priesthood of the Church, numbering nearly two hundred thousand men who, without pay or reward, give of their time and their means to build up this Church and Kingdom, will bring about a unity of nations wherein the law of God shall be placed in their inward parts. Then, and only then, all the political dictatorship's new orders and plans will be replaced by the Order of Heaven for the salvation of mankind.

ANDRE K. ANASTASIOU.
GEORGE H. BAILEY.
JAMES R. CUNNINGHAM.

SOLDIER-MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 535)

hand could proceed with his chores!

When I asked him how he opened up conversation with all these people upon the Gospel, he said that one has to use a different approach with each individual. Remembering Bessie, the cow, I believe him wholeheartedly.

By profession he is a school teacher, a career in which no doubt he enjoys excellent opportunity to develop his technique. In 1929 he fulfilled a Mission in Eastern Canada lasting 2½ years, during which period he developed something of a reputation for distributing Books of Mormon, and which he is now enhancing here. Six days after Britain's declaration of war he joined the Forces, but did not reach England until June of last year, arriving with the names and addresses of some twenty friends of friends in Canada that he had promised to visit. He has been to every address, having travelled in Wales, Scotland and Ireland during his "leaves," as well as the Mother Country, and it is during these trips that he has made the many acquaintances whose names are now added to his pocket-book list. He travels by "Rule of Thumb" (hitch-hiking) as most Canadians do I believe, and while doing so has conversed with many on the Gospel and had them sent Books of Mormon. I myself have sat with him, upon his return after a trip, until well after midnight, typing addresses and notes to his highway acquaintances. He does not give them all away, for again his judgment of the person leads him to ask them to buy under certain circumstances, but when he gives a book now and again, he says, "Well I might as well spend my money that way." A very commendable way, I should say.

(Continued on page 544)

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Co-operation

A Message from Elder George A. Spencer
Of the Royal Canadian Artillery

WHILE in the Mission Field I visited a cotton mill at Greenfield, New Hampshire. Mr. C. W. Foss, the Manager, had never before met a Latter-day Saint, and keenly questioned me. His questions were put in a most gentlemanly manner, and he seemed very anxious to obtain information without hurting my feelings. So considerate he seemed, that, even at the end of the visit, he expressed a desire that his next meeting with a member of our Church might be as pleasant as the first.

His considerate manner was not only for me, but for every person working under him, and they all showed him respect and reverence. I made mention of this, and he replied:

"We are working under most adverse conditions in this depression. Factories are closing all around us, but we seem to succeed. Only this makes it possible—Love and Co-operation."

For the remaining years I taught school, this motto was kept on the wall: LOVE AND CO-OPERATION INSURE SUCCESS.

Freedom

By Elder John H. Heninger
Of the Royal Canadian Engineers

CONSTANTLY we are called upon to perform certain tasks and duties for ourselves and for our fellow-men. In the spirit and manner in which we perform these daily tasks, and the way in which we use our spare time, we determine what we are to become, for as a man thinks and speaks, so is he.

The doctrines which God has given to us contain all the answers for those in search of freedom, success and happiness, three blessings greatly desired by mankind, but, to have them, we must do our part.

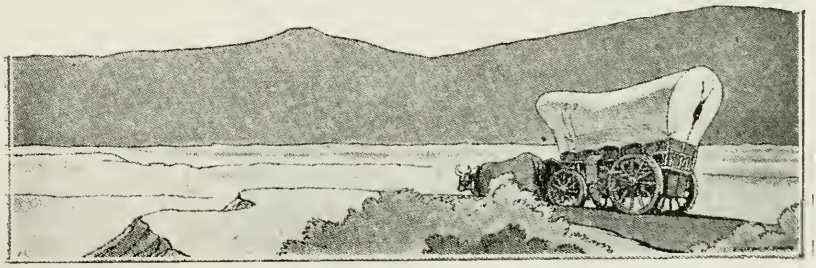
Today, more than ever before, we need the help and teachings of God, for Today is the time spoken of in Matthew 24: 7: "For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences and earthquakes, in divers places."

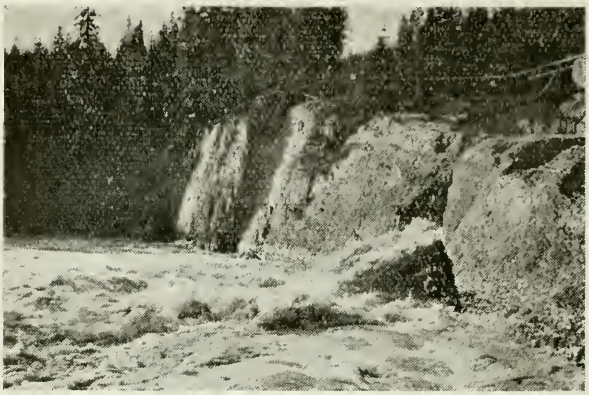
Being myself a member of His Majesty's Forces, my interests, in the main, are the same as those of all our Canadian members serving in this land. I understand your position, and realise the opposition with which you have to meet.. Accordingly, I think it advisable, at this time, to pass on to you the advice given to me by Patriarch J. F. Anderson:

"Do your duty in all that is required of you, and retain the love and confidence of your loved ones and the great government. The British Empire, which I am sure will never be defeated by tyrants and rulers, who represent a government of dictatorship whose foundation is the devil, and whose actions, during the past years, prove that they are such. They are worse than the deceitful King Herod, who put to death the many innocent children in order to destroy the Babe of Bethlehem, but was badly fooled. So will Hitler, and his partners be defeated in their efforts to defeat true democracy and stamp out religious freedom."

So in this cause our job is:

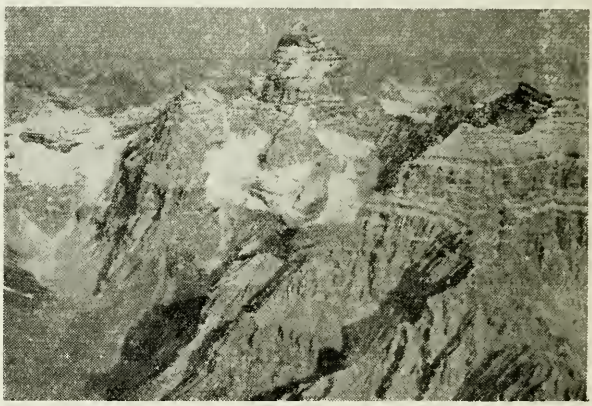
"Live a mission that is just and true,
A mission of the things we ought to do
A mission of the things we ought to say,
A mission that will keep us day by day,
Into the paths our Saviour trod,
Up to the highway that leads to God."





The Natural Bridge Field, Mt. Stephen, Yoho National Park, British Columbia, Canada.

Mount Assiniboine, Rocky Mountains.



With acknowledgments to the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Narrows, Waterton Lakes, Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, Canada.

The Constant Operation Of The Divine Law

THE M.I.A. THEME, 1941-1942:

"I THE LORD, AM BOUND WHEN YE DO WHAT I SAY, BUT WHEN YE DO NOT WHAT I SAY, YE HAVE NO PROMISE."
—Doctrine and Covenants 82: 10.

As interpreted by President David O. McKay at the Final Session of M.I.A. Conference.

THESE are perilous times, but they can be weathered if youth will but aspire to high ideals. Degenerating forces in the world are rampant, but they can be resisted if youth will cherish right thoughts. The age-old conflict between Truth and Error is being waged with accelerating fury, and at the present hour Error seems to be gaining the upper hand. Increasing moral turpitude and widespread disregard for the principles of honour and integrity are undermining influences in social, political, and business life, and are as menacing as are the lowering, diabolical clouds of war.

Though it seems trite, it may be stated as axiomatic that the strength and happiness of Youth are conserved by right living, which means obedience to the word of God.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble blocks before him,
And his eyes lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.

He carried the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone—
He'd caught that angel-vision.

Children of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel-vision.

GOD'S LAW ETERNALLY ACTIVE

The M.I.A. theme for the coming year is an assurance that God's promises never fail. It implies that conformity to the Lord's word or law will invariably contribute to man's happiness and salvation. When considered in conjunction with a preceding paragraph, in Section 82 of the Doctrine and Covenants, it declares that they who do not what the Lord says will be subjected to "justice and judgment." In other words there is eternally operative in the moral world a law of compensation and retribution—compensation commensurate with conformity to law; retribution in actual degree to the extent of disobedience.

In this sense, the word "law" has a deeper signicance than a rule or dictum prescribed by authority for human action. It means rather "a uniform order of sequence" as operative and unvarying as the law of the inclined plane, or of the law of falling bodies.

Confirmation of this may be found in the Lord's statement to Cain, the first disobedient son recorded in sacred history:

If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.

It is also stated by the Prophet Joseph Smith:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated;
And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.

These revelations and scriptural quotations point to the fact that for obedience to law, God is "bound" to bless; for disobedience, God is equally "bound" to punish.

As indicated in the poem I read, "the soul in the formative period of youth, while it is yet unspotted from the world, may be likened to a block of pure, uncut Parian marble, in which lie boundless possibilities of beauty or of deformity. From the crude marble, one will chisel a form of exquisite grace and symmetry; another, a misshapen monstrosity; each visualizing in the formless stone the conception of his brain. Thus we are moulded by our ideals."

THOUGHTS DETERMINE ACTS

Thoughts are the seeds of acts, and precede them. Mere compliance with the word of the Lord without a corresponding inward desire, will avail but little. Indeed, such outward actions and pretending phrases may disclose hypocrisy, a sin that Jesus most vehemently condemned. "O generation of vipers," He cried out on one occasion, "how can ye, being evil, speak good things?" The Saviour's constant desire and effort were to implant in the mind right thoughts, pure motives, noble ideals, knowing full well that right words and actions would inevitably follow. He taught and modern physiology and psychology confirm, that hate and jealousy and other evil passions destroy a man's physical vigour and efficiency. "They pervert his mental perceptions," says the author of "The Life of Jesus," "and render him incapable of resisting the temptation to commit acts of violence. They undermine his moral health. By insidious stages they transform the man who cherishes them into a criminal."

Charles Dickens, you will recall, makes impressive use of this fact in his immortal story "Oliver Twist," wherein Monks is introduced first as an innocent, beautiful child; but "as ending his life as a mass of solid bestiality, a mere chunk of fleshed iniquity. It was thinking upon vice and vulgarity that transformed the angel's face into the countenance of a demon."

It is almost impossible for us to believe that such a devilish nature as Bill Sykes', depicted in the same book, could be found in human form. Dickens says himself:

I fear there are in the world some insensible and callous natures, that do become, at last, utterly and irredeemably bad. But whether this be so or not, of one thing I am certain, that there are such men as Sykes, who being closely followed through the same space of time, and through the same current of circumstances, would not give by one look or action for a moment the faintest indication of a better nature. Whether every gentler human feeling is dead within such bosoms, or the proper chord to strike has rusted and is hard to find, I do not know, but that the fact is so, I am sure.

Such retrogression of the human soul is in keeping with the eternal edict: "If ye do not what I say, ye have no promise."

The operation of the same law in a positive way is illustrated by Nathaniel Hawthorne in "The Great Stone Face." Said Ernest to his mother, one evening as they sat looking at an immense rock in which nature had chiselled a man's face with noble features and an expression "at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more": "Mother, if I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

She answered: "If a prophecy come true, we may see him some time or other with exactly such a face as that."

What a man continually thinks about determines his actions in times of opportunity and stress. A man's reaction to his appetites and impulses when they are aroused, gives the measure of that man's character. In these reactions are revealed the man's power to govern or his forced servility to yield.

"The best of all men are they who realize in daily life their luminous hours and transmute their ideals into conduct and character. These are the soul-architects who build their thoughts and deeds into a plan, who travel forward, not aimlessly, but toward a destination, who sail not any whitherward, but toward a port, who steer, not by the clouds, but by the fixed stars. High in the scale of manhood those who ceaselessly aspire toward life's great Exemplar."

NO SIN SO HIDDEN IT CAN ESCAPE RETRIBUTION

No man can disobey the word of God and not suffer for so doing. No sin, however secret, can escape retribution. True, you may lie and not be detected; you may violate virtue without its being known by any who would scandalize you; yet you cannot escape the judgment that follows such transgression. The lie is lodged in the recesses of your mind, an impairment of your character that will be reflected sometime, somehow, in your countenance or bearing. Your moral turpitude, though only you, your accomplice, and God may ever know it, will canker your soul.

"The more I know intimately the lives of other men (to say nothing of my own)," said Huxley in a letter to Charles Kingsley, "the more obvious it is to me that the wicked **does not** flourish, nor is the righteous punished. The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence. . . . The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to me as any scientific fact. The gravitation of sin to sorrow"—note that phrase—"is as certain as that of the earth to the sun, and more so—for experimental proof of the fact is within the reach of us all—nay is before us all our lives, if we had but the eyes to see it."

Daniel Webster, when once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind, said:

There is no evil we cannot face or flee from but the consequences of duty disregarded. A sense of obligation pursues us ever. It is omnipresent.

like the Deity If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, it is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say that night shall cover us, in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther on, we shall find ourselves followed by the consciousness of duty—to pain us forever if it has been violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it. Weighed against conscience the world itself is but a bubble. For God Himself is in conscience lending it authority.

(To be continued)

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FRATERNITY

(Continued from page 533)

develop and control our minds and bodies. The harder the training, the stiffer the examination, the better are we when we graduate.

Ravenslea has given me an outlet, just as Zion gave our parents an outlet. Not only has it given me companionship with my kind of people, but it has given me an opportunity to be of service to them, and to our God. At Ravenslea I have had the opportunity of taking part in the various Church activities, administering the Sacrament with fellow Canadians, speaking at their meetings, and taking part in their open air meetings. It has helped to make my life while a soldier, separated from all that made up my life in the past, more complete and satisfying. Ravenslea, and all it stands for, all who are in it, and all who meet there, have meant so much to me that I am anxious that all members of the Forces away from home should take advantage of its life-giving Spirit.

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SOLDIER-MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 538)

I can well understand this Soldier-Missionary arousing interest in a listeners mind. No one could fail to catch that vital spark of sincerity in his eye as he declares his testimony, and I can imagine many a person thinking to themselves, "This man has got something, surely."

His advice (and I would like to pass it on to all Home Missionaries and full-time Missionaries) is this: Estimate a person's reading desire first. If they appear to be avid, reading anything and everything of interest, loan them a Book of Mormon before any other Church work, and he emphasises LOAN them the book, since if a time limit is placed on its return, they will invariably get through it. If the individual is a "lazy" reader, finding concentration difficult, suggest that they read the Book of Ether first, and it is most likely that they will read the rest of the work of their own choice. I am reminded of he parable: "And a sower went forth to sow. . . ."

George A. Spencer is doing a fine work, and I sincerely hope that his activities are not curtailed in any way by any events which may come to pass. Meanwhile, may these great efforts in our common cause not go unrewarded. —J. P. H.

FULL DETAILS OF LONDON DISTRICT CONFERENCE WEEK-END

SATURDAY

Reception at RAVENSLEA, for all visitors who attend, at 3.0 p.m. onwards.

By The Mission Presidency.

Members of the Mission Offices Staffs will conduct groups as they arrive, to HAMILTON HALL a short distance from the Mission Office where from

4.30 p.m. onwards

will be held a THE DANSANT at which the Mission Presidency desire all to fraternise with Canadian Soldiers in attendance.

MEET THE BOYS!

The dancing will be interspersed with several concert items culminating with the presentation of a one act play entitled

"MUSHROOMS COMING UP."

by members of the South London Branch M.I.A. Then there will be more dancing and chatting until we close.

IT'S GOING TO BE GRAND FUN FOR EVERYONE!

SUNDAY **At RAVENSLEA**

A Special PRIESTHOOD SESSION will be held Sunday morning at 9.0 a.m.

for CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

All members of the Priesthood are invited.

First General Session of Conference will convene at 11.0 a.m.

Second Session will convene at 2.30 p.m.

This will divide into two groups: Priesthood and Relief Society under the direction of President A. K. Anastasiou and Sister Marie Anastasiou respectively.

Final Session will convene at 5.30 p.m.

at which Session members of the Mission Presidency will discourse upon the theme

"THE FULNESS OF TIMES."

One little word in your ears—Food rationing prevents our Relief Society sisters from preparing in their accustomed manner for your welfare.

Visitors to London for the week-end are urged to provide themselves with victuals as far as possible.

Mts. Vimy and Boswell from shoulder of Mt. Crandall. Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta, Canada.

Mounts Rearguard and Robson, Canadian Rockies.

One of the most beautiful spots in Banff National Park. Banff is the oldest and one of the largest of all of Canada's National Parks. It has an area of 2,585 square miles and is situated in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. These parks which are wild life sanctuaries and in which the forests are preserved in their primeval state, are for the recreation and enjoyment of Canadians and visitors from other lands.

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